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The Piano-Forte.

[We translate the following from the *Musikalische Briefe*, &c, von einem Wohlbekannten (Letters about Musical Art and Artists by "One Well-known"), a work which appeared in Leipsic in 1852, and has excited a good deal of discussion throughout Germany. Prof. LOBE, the same who reports the conversations with MENDELSSOHN, copied in our recent numbers, is understood to be the author.]

The Piano-Forte is the true and genuine type and emblem of our time; it characterizes the shallow knowingness, the culture which has "licked all the world," but which can achieve nothing true, nothing whole. So the piano-forte can give you a little of everything, but in the whole nothing true, nothing whole, complete.

Indeed this instrument, which clicks and clatters through all houses, from the basement to the garret, like the loom in a manufacturing town, characterizes our time also in the respect that it is a mechanical and manufacturing time. As the piano itself amongst all musical instruments is in its structure the highest triumph of mechanics, so there is no instrument which has done so much to make music mechanical and soul-less, as the piano.

No wonder then, that the influence of its universal reign has been the most corrupting to true Art.

The dazzling facility which the player may acquire on the piano, and the surprising mechanical execution; the triumphal processions which certain individuals have held on account of this mechanical finger-facility, and the golden harvests they have reaped, have led all sorts of talents to that instrument and kept them there exclusively. These talents, which might have accomplished something great, have had to sell themselves body and soul to this "music-devil," that they might

get from him what they sought; they have had to devote the greatest part of their time to soul-killing *finger-exercises*, and thereby to slight or wholly disregard those serious studies which qualified the earlier masters for their great creations and gave them mastery of form, the *technique of creation*, as these finger exercises give the *technique of delivery*.

Moreover the piano-forte itself composes; for the long practiced musical phrases come uncalled, mechanically, into the fingers and then are taken for one's own thoughts. Perhaps, too, the more advanced stage of mechanical facility, the power of making faster runs, wider and bolder leaps, fuller hand-fuls of chords, several trills at once, &c., gives sometimes other forms of thought, which the player takes for new thoughts.

The feeling for sustained, simple melody vanishes by degrees, because the piano has it not. In this way disappears for instance the Sonata, a genuine Art form, choked by an importunate Mazurkas, Fantasias, *Etudes*, &c.

The art of instrumentation is as good as lost, because this exclusive occupation with the piano leaves no time to study that. But since every piano virtuoso thinks he can compose, and actually can do so for the piano, he thinks himself also competent for all the rest. The musical figures of the piano, which he knows exclusively, he transfers to other instruments and thereby produces a confused blur of sounds. Since on the piano the harmony does not keep on sounding after the keys are struck, such composers, bond slaves to the Piano-forte devil, venture the most unheard of things, even in Quartets, in Opera, &c. But here the harmonies sound on, and their composition becomes ear-rending. In the present rapid finger virtuosity, the hearer is frequently unable to perceive false relations of harmony on the piano; for the notes and figures chase each other past him like a flying army. Who will recognize a single blemish among so many? But let such composers transfer their misappreciation of the laws of pure composition to orchestral works, and then their lameness becomes all too manifest.

The piano-forte composers are eternally hunting and catching after "new harmonies," because their instrument affords nothing else. They forget entirely, that harmony is nothing else and can be nothing but the imitation of the feelings in man; that the true, intelligent artist does not set out to discover new feelings and new modulations of feeling, but simply to represent the eternally old and eternally young as truly and beautifully as possible, so that not merely and not always furious passions may rage through the human heart, but that tranquil, simple feelings too may

dwell there, by the excitement of which with simplest harmonies something that is great and powerful may be effected. Think of WEBER'S "Through the forests, through the meadows, &c." There you find the most familiar harmonies, and yet what expression, what power of excitement! Since such Piano heroes cannot acquire the mastery of beautiful, clear form, they pronounce it unessential, or they seek new forms and then labor to represent novelty of form as the essential thing in Art.

When they see their medley Piano-scrawl in print,—the product more of their finger-mechanism than of the knowledge and consciousness of Art, and in which you may find every thing but soul,—they fancy themselves great composers, men of genius, and this imagination drives them to let their genius shine in all the branches of their Art. There you have the explanation of so many Piano heroes and composers trying their hand at the composition of Operas, Symphonies, &c. Think of THALBERG and the rest. They hold the art of composition as an accessory to virtuosity, and think they have only to stretch forth their nimble-fingered hands, to pluck the fairest fruits already ripe.

Then if the public justly and reasonably enough receives such labors coldly, seeking in them truth, character, melody, and not instrumented *études* and fantasias, their creators fancy themselves unappreciated geniuses—at all events geniuses—whom only a later future will know how to comprehend and value. They despise the present public, the same whose favor they have courted on the Piano in all sorts of ways, even the most superficial clap-trap.

While the Piano-forte was still called the *Clavier* and was so, true Art bloomed; with the modern Piano came the aberration of the Art. No great composer was a great virtuoso, and no great virtuoso becomes a great composer. MOZART is not to be counted, for every beginner now-a-days laughs at the means by which he excited the wonder of his time. WEBER, MENDELSSOHN and others, who were distinguished Piano-forte players, never wished to shine as virtuosos. With them playing was the means to an end, and not the end itself.

But do these wild Piano-forte affairs please the persons who can play them? Them perhaps, but alas! not their hearers—and the reason? The delight they feel in their pieces pertains not to the pieces in themselves, but to the triumph over difficulties overcome.

GENIUS.—We pardon the diamond its sharp edges; it costs too much to round them off.
Schumann.

A New Life of Gluck.

(Concluded from last week.)

Gluck had scarcely announced his new style of composition, in which all the studies and desires and experiences of many years were, so to say, summed up and expressed, than the fame thereof reached Paris, and he was summoned to France, as the man of men whom the *salons* wanted—a man of genius, a man of system, a man of antagonism, all in one!—a man, moreover, whose genius, system, and self-assertion precisely chimed in with the moods and sympathies of a large number of French philosophers and thinkers and lovers of Art. To enter into any of the details or anecdotes touching the great controversy of Gluck *versus* Piccini would be superfluous,—since the subject has been a favorite one, especially with those who have loved to dwell upon it as one more folly of Parisian Fashion. * * Doubtless, there was much nonsense in the strife. * * But there was a certain amount of truth and of principle at the bottom of the effervescence. In all the historical accounts of this Gluck and Piccini quarrel—a quarrel rather brewed for the antagonistic composers than by them—it has been too universally overlooked that the contest was not one betwixt a German and an Italian composer, so much as a struggle to maintain French opera in its old spirit, though in a modern dress. Folly and fashion—the Court and the Court's enemies—the latter rapidly rising into acrimony and activity—brought into the King's and the Queen's corner of the *Académie* as much irrational folly, on their respective sides, as we have heard vented in London drawing-rooms concerning the unprecedented perfections of Mdle. Jenny Lind, or the right of Signor Mario to be capricious and sing indolently. But, apart from all partizanship—setting aside those who wished to affront Marie Antoinette through her German *protégé*, and allowing for the preferences of those less virulent folk, whose musical taste amounted to only an appetite for melody—the real matter in debate resolved itself into the question whether or not the requirements of Music, as an Art of symmetry and number—an Art which included vocal seduction as well as scientific knowledge—could be conciliated with those stage-properties, or unities, for which the French have been always such sturdy sticklers. What Gluck perfected, Lulli and Rameau had both indicated—and both had submitted their genius to the requisitions of the public for which they wrought—even as in later years Saccini, Spontini, Signor Rossini, and M. Meyerbeer have been compelled—have been content—to do. The controversy, of course, was complicated by references to that mischievous document, Gluck's well-known preface to "*Alceste*,"—for mischievous is that document beyond most stage-prefaces, announcing as it does theories and purposes which were *not*, in practice, respected by the composer himself. After having announced "war to the knife" against the whole race of singers and their requirements—after having declared his resolution not to flatter the ear by *Da capos*, ritornels, and such like prettinesses—the student might naturally expect to find an entire renunciation of all constituted forms in Gluck's stage works. He will in proportion be puzzled on seeing that the only essential difference betwixt *Alceste*, and other operas of its time lies in the weight, grandeur, and vivacity given to its chorus, in the surpassing beauty and brilliancy of its *airs de ballet*, and the composer's abstinence from florid exhibition or expression. There is no abrogation of form in it,—no absence of melody,—no education of the ear by the discipline of disappointment, which, in deference to stage-truth, (so called), withholds that which the ear has expected. Though Gluck talked loudly of Drama, he wrote as a musician,—and Music is a science of numbers as well as an Art of beauty. Take the one or the other away, and neither science nor Art is left,—a coarse, brute noise, little superior in pertinence, or in the intellectual and poetical satisfactions it awakens, to the shrieks of the savage or the "harsh saw of the carpenter," is all that will remain.

To proceed a few lines further.—Let us preach that the folly of preaching against conventionality in an entertainment so inevitably conventional as opera can be proved, from the very works of the school, the boast of which has been to maintain dramatic truth and propriety as the requisites and principles most necessary to the work of Art. Those who could protest most roundly against the *cavatina* or *rondo*, which was introduced to flatter the vanity of favorite singers, nevertheless admitted *chaconne*, *menuetto*, *sarabanda*, *bourrée*, and every other arbitrary and formal composition of the kind, in order to exhibit and indulge the dancers—mere episodic creatures thrust into the musical drama as so many pageant-figures. Thus also, the innovators of modern Germany, whose boast it is to employ the truth-and-nature principle broached by Gluck, in its most extreme and severe rigidity, while they ignore vocal fascination and accomplishment as so much meretricious "sing-song," labor at orchestral complication, delicacy—in a word, at instrumental convention. The *tenor* or *soprano* who indulges in a trill is denounced by them as a fool, or worse,—the composer who permits a vocal scale to disfigure his score, is held to be frivolous and ignorant. But the flute may shake whenever orchestral brilliancy requires it, and the horsehair may be worn off the violin bows in racing through passages chromatic or diatonic, without any one seeming to recollect that "billing and cooing" are as untruthful to Nature before, as they are behind, the foot-lights; and that if Desdemona is forbidden to rush up or down two octaves of demisemiquavers in her song, the prohibition might consistently be applied to the stringed instruments that support Desdemona in the course of her terror and despair. There are, in every art, ebbs and flowings—periods during which means and ends are strangely confounded. During these, Indolence is allowed to wear the frown of false severity, and because it will not take the pains to discover, to learn and select, is permitted to denounce every charm and beauty as mere superfluous prettiness. But even during these periods there must be in some points vast concessions—somewhere counterbalances admitted in arbitrary disproportion. The Pre-Raphaelites, who enjoy un-oughtness of form, revel in gorgeous variety of color. The fact of one quality or feature being dwelt on to excess does not establish its inherent monstrosity. When Gluck's *trades* against the follies of vocal exhibition are used perpetually as text to a crusade against vocal art, they may be pointed out as mischievous,—and doubly so as having been invented by an opera-composer who conceded as much as did ever Hasse, or Galuppi, or *Winci*, to the limitations which it suited his fancy and the feeling of his public, to respect.

We have expatiated on this passage of Gluck's life—on the real meaning and bearing of his efforts, and the controversy to which they gave rise,—because, at the time present, distorted sense and specious nonsense are endeavoring, by misuse of the old party cries, to upturn Music under pretext of regenerating it.—There is little trace of other than opera-music by Gluck. Herr Schmid, it is true, mentions a "*De Profundis*," and confirms the anecdote lately circulated of the composer having taken up the "*Herrmannschlacht*" of Klopstock as a task. But he faltered over it, and, like his opera of "*Les Danaïdes*," which Salieri was commissioned to finish, it was left incomplete at his death.

All that we know concerning Gluck as a man is attractive rather than otherwise. The days in which he lived were days when kings and rulers wore authoritative wigs—days when fame and greatness were asserted by a tyrannical and solemn behavior. The Johnsonian humor tinged other worlds besides the literary circles who frequented our London clubs and coffee-houses. The great musicians were not all of them sheepish idiots, or coxcombical fops, or repulsive bores, when they were taken away from their organs and fiddles. Some of the monarchs of Art were able to stand face to face with Rank and Intellect, without discredit to their pursuits. Handel was a man of thought, of pertinent replies and poetical sallies, as well as a hero of chords and of pedals.

Each gathered round him an amount of personal respect which no reputation for special science alone could have secured to him. Gluck is described by Burney as pompous, but intelligent,—showing an obliging cordiality to those by whom he felt himself appreciated. He seems at Vienna to have kept the best company. At Paris he was dragged into the whirlpool of wit and repartee, philosophical definition and paradoxical rhapsody, without being taken off his feet or losing his head. Some arrogance there must have been in him,—some self-confidence and self-occupation,—to have borne him through so many years of doubtful success and undecided creation. But he was amiable in his home, and high-minded as concerns his Art. These being Gluck's position and qualities, it must seem strange to persons who have given the peoples of Germany credit for an enthusiastic love of their great men, on the strength of their sentimental protestations, that the memory of Gluck should be so utterly neglected in Vienna, that his burial-place, like his birth-place, was till lately a matter of doubt. We "put our poets in a corner," it is true, (as Mr. Jerrold's heroine innocently remarked the other day,)—but we also keep an altar of constancy for them in the affections of ourselves and of our children's children. Our "cousins" are more fickle, it may be feared. If they come back to an old shrine, it is sometimes with as much condescension to ancestral superstition as reverence for the faith of their forefathers. Books, however, like Herr Schmid's must be accepted as testimonies on the sounder side of the argument. It is tiresome, but it is sincere in its reverence.—*London Athenæum*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music and its Uses.

In expressing our imperfect views upon Music, as an exponent of emotion, we referred to its uses, as a portion of practical education.

In this country the whole design of education seems to be utilitarian, and no scheme of literary instruction can expect to receive much favor with the public that patronizes our educational institutions, unless its tendencies are of some tangible value.

The pupil must acquire that which is immediately available as one of the means of conducting the great business of life, and the sparse gatherings of his promiscuous knowledge must have reference, in most cases, to worldly acquisition.

When, however, we consider the indisputable fact, that out of the sum of academical knowledge, nine-tenths are lost to the memory, and a very considerable portion operates with very questionable tendencies upon the understanding of the pupil, after he has directed his thought into a practical or, so called, useful direction; we have every reason to inquire why so many superfluities are sought after by the student of science, and whether there could not be some other mode of laying up treasures of a more abiding intellectual wealth.

That the system of literary training in vogue in this country, viewed in the light of a training, is a false and superficial one, and fraught with erroneous aims, few thinking and earnest minds will deny.

What these defects may be, it is not our aim to explain, this being somewhat foreign to the subject in hand. All we desire in this place is to notice that, in the programmes of our popular academies, no adequate provision is made for Music.

At a very early age, a direction should be given to the emotional tendencies of the youthful mind, as the whole usefulness, (and we adopt this phrase from popular motives,) of the future character de-

pend, more upon the full and lively development of the heart, than upon that of the intellect.

That this latter idea is entirely ignored by the great body of instructors, that parents overlook the principle of emotional training, and the high value of musical susceptibilities as a guide to the intellect and a lamp to the general happiness of life, is evident from the loose mode in which literary schools are conducted, and from the high estimation set upon the glitter of human knowledge.

It is true, among the simple, homely and unpretending schools of town and country, singing, as an opening and close of the day's exercises, has long been a standing practice, and its good results, although unknown and unseen by the pupil himself, have probably, in all cases, worked their silent way into the recesses of his heart, and set off some portion of his later character with a radiant gem, of which the world took note. Yet what has here been effected in the obscurity of a village school, and on a small scale, we would propose as an object of imitation in our larger academies and even in our proud halls of learning.

Why Music, as a useful and indispensable branch of elementary education, has been neglected, is owing chiefly to the indifference with which the educator views the emotional principle and its bearings upon the intellect.

To this we must add the false and erroneous estimate placed upon all utilitarian studies, and the misapprehension that youth are acquiring at school that which they are but learning to acquire.

As feeling, as well as thought, enters largely into the companionship and guidance of life, why should we not make early provision for all its indulgencies and requirements, and thus familiarize ourselves with the sunny side of existence? Why should we not, at an early stage, take exercises in one of these forms of a heavenly poesy, where tone becomes the companion of rhythm, and the whole earth gladdens to the sight, when the soul makes its expression audible in this wise?

We would not pretend, to point out, in detail, the various phases of a musical development, as that history forms the secret of each individual's own experience of inner enjoyment, and, as a world of perception, is exclusively his own. We would surmise, however, that to the uncultivated mind, the first influence of Music were merely pathological. On this all the exhilaration excited by a tone performance seems to be founded, in the early and crude stages of musical emotion.

Many, very many indeed, never get beyond this stage of musical perception. In our concert halls and opera houses, we have often observed conversations most perseveringly carried on during the performance of the best passages, and have no doubt that the music exercised the same influence on such persons, as if they had been listening with a view to read the language of the composer. The effect in these cases is purely pathological. The nerves vibrate and the system becomes animated, but the actual understanding remains probably where that of a native of Loo Choo would be on hearing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Out of this pathological, or crude physical feeling, therefore, the pupil has to be led, at a susceptible age,—at a time when emotion and intellect are pliant and can be trained up together.

It has been a subject of philosophical inquiry,

whether Music has any real contents. (German, *Inhalt*). Where the individual imbibes tone-conceptions pathologically, we presume there are no contents, no subject of mental thought to dwell upon.

To this class Music leaves no detailed impression, and its performances must vanish away, like mist before the sun, without even charging the memory with any distinct form of thought or trace of emotion. No sooner, however, does the pathological pass over to the psychological, than all musical designs become a subject of study, the mind is absorbed in active thought, and the realms of an infinite poesy are laid open to us.

To build up this structure of musical invention, the material itself must be musical—its whole being springs out of itself. When tone-creations have thus formed an alliance with the memory and occupy one of the distinct departments, as we are accustomed to view them, we are led to infer that the composition constitutes a subject of actual operative thought, and that Music has its contents.

To the unlettered mind, the *Pons Asinorum*, in Geometry, presents a meaningless figure; to him it possesses no contents, and it passes off from his recollection as would any fanciful diagram of straight lines, squares or triangles. To the mathematician, however, its study lays open a sphere of pregnant thought, and the very exercise of the master-piece of geometrical analysis gives an important direction to his mathematical development. In a similar manner, to the untaught and unmusical fancy, a well conceived Sonata, with its primitive tone-idea carried through a diversity of striking chords, varied by many beautiful contrasting harmonies, now lost amid the masses of tone and now appearing again in its well known identity, possesses no contents (*signification*) whatever. It forms no subject of after-thought, nothing whatever for the mind to dissect, but acts upon his ear as do many of the attractions of the natural world upon the uneducated and callous being, calling no portion of the purely intellectual element into play.

Whereas, to him who has come within the enthrallment of a tone-life, whose inner being is sustained by the sustenance of those mysterious imaginings which the composer draws forth from the depths of harmony and musical conception, there is no subject of loftier meaning or more important or significant contents than Music affords. Music, therefore, being thus shown to be a science of substantial contents, a subject which lays open to the human mind a field of unlimited development, and not merely a pleasing diversion for vacant hours, or a superficial accomplishment, belonging to a conventional education, we infer that it should occupy a more engrossing portion of elementary education. Unfortunately, however, before placing it in the showy programme of an academical course, the public has to be convinced of its utility: that being the grand touchstone in the recommendations of all modern and popular science, arising, as we have already said, from the impression that what is learned at school is the chapter of knowledge, instead of being in fact but the contents of the chapter. We maintain that in an American education musical instruction is an especial desideratum, and the attention is based upon emotional considerations. Our pursuits place wealth so readily within our grasp, its acquisition becomes so incorporated with the tone of the national character, and its indul-

gences are so strongly fostered from early youth upwards, that the whole tendency of society becomes materialistic.

Whenever the emotional offices of life are performed, they are apt to be mixed up with external and conventional forms to such a degree, as to deaden the soul of genuine poesy. Without this counteracting influence of a national poesy, a strict devotion to the various forms of an emotional life, in the amenities of social intercourse, the study of the arts, enthusiastic love of music, all the degrees of a divine cultus, wherein emotion exhibits its various rhythmical features, the nation must look forward to an early decadence. We can easily foresee that the mercantile character will long be predominant in this country, and how its tendencies operate upon the cause of Art, is shown in the history of the past.

It is indispensable that Art should bask in the sunshine of wealth, as it is there it derives its aliment. But it here happens to be of too sudden creation, and its glory, when acquired, is, too short-lived to enable it to render essential service to the genius of Music and Painting. If wealth were synonymous with education and æsthetic culture, the arts would have a more propitious future before them. Then the demonstrations of life would be less materialistic and we should not find such a universal indulgence in evanescent architectural forms that lend their monotony to a soulless existence.

The cultivation of Music should be preparatory to that of the Arts among us, since here the emotional character, upon which both the love for, and the emanations of Art are grounded, receives its strongest and earliest impulse. Germany, France and Italy, the countries where Art embellishes and is embellished by a sacred cultus, and is itself, in a great measure, the object of worship, are essentially musical. Music, with those peoples, is a spiritual element. On an early emotional culture, having its direction, in most cases, towards Music, that national poesy and festive gaiety of the European is founded. The time here devoted to recreation is usually considered a loss, and it is computed by dollars and cents; there, it is regarded as a gain, and forms a part of the grand scheme of life.

As to the method of an early promotion of a love of melody among the pupils of our elementary schools, a difficulty presents itself in the diversity of capacities for the art. The purposes of musical instruction could be most easily sustained by adopting the plan, now in vogue in many village schools, of choral exercises. From this moral enjoyment of the art, or rather this observance of a moral duty, the mind is insensibly led from the mere feeling to the intellectual perception of Music, which is its ultimate and highest attainment.

In these choral exercises the unmusical can be drawn into the Art, and duty will become a pleasure. By these vocal exercises imposed upon all the pupils, musical instruction becomes a useful feature of intellectual training, acting on the intellect by the medium of the emotions. In the German schools and universities, the students who cannot sing form rare exceptions; their choruses are rich and melodious, and leave endearing traces within the memory and pleasing reminiscences of the Alma Mater, while, at the same time, they carry back the imagination to the desolate castles and vine-clad hills of the Vaterland,

where they have so often associated themselves with outward scenes.

The impressions left by these songs of college years never leave the heart, but flourish, true and lively, throughout all the subsequent storms of after-life.

By such an educational process, whereby the humanizing influences of a musical discipline are made to operate upon the mind, the visible effects of the study of the laws and the conceptions of tone, from its simplest to its more enlarged scale of beauty, would be made manifest in various features of the personal character. We would not have all men to be poets, nor painters, nor musicians, since these are *born* and not *made*; yet we would have that radiant halo which they diffuse around them to be more generally illuminative, lighting up all the avocations of life and purifying it of that grossness and sensuality which is alarmingly characteristic.

Without the aid of the poetry of Art, to ornament and give a spiritual vitality to the intercourse and attractions of social life, its ceremonials and its pastimes become frigid, and the inclinations sensual. In the worship of architecture and those household gods, called furniture, we live among symbols which do not contribute to positive happiness; neither does this symbolical intercourse admit of progress. In true Art, however, there is a spirit of progress, all its manifestations are a constant evolution of new forms, the one growing out of the other. It is ever active and its march is onward, and as a portion of the scheme of education, we think its doors should be opened to all, in order to refine the popular taste and curb our national propensities.

J. H.

Miss Adelaide Phillips.

This young lady, who went abroad about three years since, to obtain those advantages in the study of Music and the Drama which cannot yet be had here, is on her return home, and will soon arrive at the scene of her early efforts and successes; and as her re-appearance is calculated to occasion some interest, we take leave to say a word of what may justly be expected of her in the future, and to allude very briefly to her past life.

She was born in Bristol, England, and came here by way of Canada when between seven and eight years old. She had already made her debut elsewhere, was at once engaged at the Museum, and continued a member of that establishment nearly up to the moment of her leaving home, a period of about eight years—sustaining the duties of phenomenon, &c., being constantly on the stage, and always a favorite with the public for her intelligence and amiable manners, and for her sprightly dancing.

When about fifteen years old, it was discovered that she had a voice of unusual compass and power, and as her temper was remarkable for vivacity and sweetness, and her mind very bright and worthy of the most careful cultivation, she soon found devoted and valuable friends, who were determined that she should lack no advantage which they could secure for her by perseverance. Her voice had been in training nearly a year, when Miss Jenny Lind came, and the friends of the young Adelaide procured for her an opportunity to sing before that great artist, who was ever glad of a chance to encourage struggling merit. No suggestions were made to Jenny, she was merely begged for an opinion. One attribute of Miss Phillips has been to rise with every occasion, and to do better in any emergency than her friends could have anticipated. Jenny Lind pronounced her voice valuable, and said it ought not to suffer for want of the best training. Her action in this case was one in con-

sonance with her whole course. After satisfying herself that assistance would be well bestowed, she recommended a subscription in behalf of Miss Phillips, and headed it with a thousand dollars. Thus this noble woman confirmed in a moment the cherished hopes of many people, and made the education of the young aspirant a sure thing. Jenny's lead was followed at a respectable distance, and the subscription flourished. For a few months before her departure Miss Phillips gave concerts successfully in many of the larger towns of the Commonwealth, and even visited Philadelphia on a liberal offer.

Thus a fund was amassed large enough to permit her to start upon her somewhat uncertain and arduous course. She went, in charge of her father and an aunt, to London, and was placed, in deference to Jenny Lind's especial recommendation, under Garcia, with whom she studied more than a year. It was then thought best to transfer the scene of her studies to Italy, but her funds began to fall short, and a chance such as he was always eager to embrace was presented to the late Mr. Chickering, of performing an act of quiet generosity. The necessary sum was furnished, and Miss Phillips proceeded to Italy, where she pursued her tasks under the most eminent maestri. At length she felt that she need not fear to appear at any theatre, and sought a scitura. But an engagement in Italy is first very hard to obtain, and then exceedingly difficult to turn to account; so that it was many months after her positive engagement ere she had the longed for opportunity to appear. After one appearance, however, matters went more smoothly, and she has performed engagements at five theatres in Italy, sustaining the rôles of La Bella Rosina, Arsace, Elisa (in *Giuramento*), and many others, and with good applause, which in that land is not easily won. The press generally speak of her performances with enthusiasm, and one, the *Eco della Borsa, di Milano*, we will quote, as, from our recollection of her quality and capacity of voice and of her talents, we are disposed to accept in good faith the award of this critic. After saying that many native artists leave Italy for other lands in quest of easier triumphs and greater gains, to be replaced by others of foreign production, not always to the advantage of Italy, he goes on to say, "In the past week we have happened to hear a youthful *artista di canto*, born and educated in distant lands, in whose behalf we are obliged to unsay what we have just remarked. Signorina Adelaide Phillips was born in England, bred in North America, &c., has delighted for many evenings at the Carcano theatre select audiences, by whom she was saluted with signs of admiration, and with applause and well-merited honors. A beautiful voice, incomparable facility, perfect intonation, an exquisite feeling which manifests itself in modulations, accents and gestures, nobly expressive; such are the gifts which, united with graces of person and countenance, distinguish this eminent cantante, for whom we prognosticate, with intimate conviction, a splendid future."

Before the subject of the above praise had left Boston, she displayed a voice which for body, compass and facility, was equally remarkable, a nature of deep feeling, a mind very bright, a countenance of great nobility, and a charming person, peculiarly pleasing, by the way, in male attire, in which she had often appeared, and will again, since the quality of her organ inclines to contralto, though she can sing Verdi's music with ease. She showed material for becoming a distinguished woman, and such as would repay the utmost cultivation; and therefore enthusiasm like that quoted here does not seem extravagant, to those who are familiar with the promise of her early life, not yet counting twenty years.

We speak of her as a public singer and artist, yet we do not think that a single word regarding her character will be esteemed *de trop*: this has always been better than merely irreproachable. She has always been known as a perfect daughter and sister; and there will be nothing to hinder her taking as high a position as Jenny Lind, so far as character is concerned.

She arrived in London a few weeks since, too

late to make any engagement for this season, but she has under consideration offers for next year from the Royal Italian Opera, and from the English Opera Company.

She will have a warm welcome back to her own land, and there will no doubt be much interest felt to hear her, in the concert room, and as soon as may be in opera.—*Daily Advertiser*.

TO THE CICADA.

BY MELEAGER.

From the Greek Anthology.

Cicada! drunk with drops of dew,
What musician equals you
In the rural solitude?
On a perch amidst the wood,
Scraping to your heart's desire
Dusky sides with notchy feet,
Shrilling, thrilling, fast and sweet,
Like the music of a lyre.
Dear Cicada! I entreat,
Sing the Dryads something new;
So from thick-embower'd seat
Pan himself may answer you,
Till every inmost glade rejoices
With your loud alternate voices;
And I listen, and forget
All the thorns, the doubts and fears,
Love in lover's heart may set;
Listen, and forget them all.
And so, with music in mine ears,
Where the plane-tree-shadows steep
The ground with coldness, softly fall
Into a noontide sleep.

Allingham.

WISHING.

A NURSERY SONG.

Ring-ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the Spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm-tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The Birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing!

O—no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till Winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For Mother's kiss,—sweeter this
Than any other thing!

Allidgham.

Posthumous Works of Fred. Chopin.

From the Musical Review, (New York).

It was the general belief that Chopin had left no unpublished compositions. Even Liszt says in his biography of this composer: "He has left nothing of finished manuscripts but a last nocturno and a very short waltz." Happily, this is not so; for just now, in the sixth year after his death, (17th October, 1849,) there appears a valuable collection of hitherto unknown compositions, which may be considered without any shadow of doubt as genuine emanations of Chopin's genius. The title is as follows:

Œuvres Posthumes pour le Piano de Fred. Chopin, publiées sur Manuscrits Originaux, avec Autorisation de sa Famille par Jules Fontana. Berlin, chez A. M. Schlesinger. (Paris, I. Meissonnier Fils.)

The collection, the eight parts of which can be had separately, is adorned with the portrait of Chopin, lithographed by Waldow after the celebrated Ary Scheffer, besides a fac-simile in notes and letters of the author. The price is 5 thalers, (about \$4.) As

the preface is important by the historical facts it gives, we let it follow in extracts.

"Warsaw, where Chopin's family resided, possessed until 1830 a conservatory of music, under the direction of Jos. Elsner. With the aid of the latter learned composer, the young Chopin, who was already a distinguished pianist, went through a full course of counterpoint and composition. We had there the pleasure of being his fellow scholar, and enjoyed since that time the advantage of his artistic influence. Long years of companionship in Paris united us still closer, and bestowed upon us the inclination and confidence of the artist. A proof of it may be the circumstance that he generally claimed our aid for the publication of his works; yes, that he left this entirely to our care when he was absent from Paris. His family, fully aware of these circumstances, honored us with the order to gather the musical treasures he had left, to make a choice of them, and to publish them. Whether Chopin himself in his last hour would have confided to us his unpublished compositions, as he had done before, we can not say, as we were at the time of his death far from France. Be it as it may, we heard him uttering often enough the wish to publish one or the other piece of the present collection.

"As yet some of these compositions were only written as *souvenirs* for friends, he would not of delicacy not have them published. Others remained in his portefeuille, as he had the habit of preserving his manuscripts for a long time before he thought of publication, and sometimes of neglecting them altogether. To-day this publication becomes the more urgent, as on the one hand speculators threaten by mere greediness to injure the remembrance of the artist, and on the other hand as friends of him are in the habit of procuring copies of his posthumous works, which present not at all the true character of the latter. It is so, that mere speculation and the anxiety of his friends produce the same result. We have seen and heard some pieces of the present collection which were mutilated in the most miserable manner, and this always by enthusiasts for Chopin. We can even name one concert in Paris, in 1854, where the most shameful mutilation took place, entirely for the pleasure of giving something from the posthumous works of Chopin.

"To prevent this for the future, we had to have recourse to the original manuscripts, and we have only to add that not only have we heard all the pieces of the present collection played by the composer several times, but that we also performed them in his presence, and that we preserved them in our memory just as he created them, and as we publish them now. This last circumstance was a great help for us when we had to choose between two or three variations of writing, all from the hand of Chopin, or to decipher something almost impossible to read.

"It may be allowed to us to add a few details with regard to the youth of the artist. Chopin never had more than one teacher on the piano, namely, Mr. Zywny, who taught him the first principles. The progress of the boy was so immense, that his parents and his master thought it best to leave him at the age of twelve years to his own instincts, and to follow instead of leading him. The then existing school could not suffice him: he longed for something higher—an ideal which very soon appeared to him in more distinct outlines. It was thus that he produced his touch and style, which distinguished themselves from every thing which existed before him; and it was by this continual arduous searching after this ideal that he found at last that peculiarity and originality of execution, which since then have challenged the admiration of the world of Art.

"Even from his earliest years, he astonished by the riches of his improvisation on the piano. But he, too, was careful not to make a show of this proficiency. The few chosen ones who heard him improvise for hours without his introducing any phrase from another composer or from one of his own works, will not contradict us when we say that his most beautiful compositions are only reflections and echoes of his improvisation.

"Chopin was born March 1, 1809, and not 1810, as almost all biographers say. When he was nineteen, (1828,) he composed for us the *Rondo à deux pianos*, which forms the eighth number of this collection. In less than a year, we saw him writing *La ci darem la mano*, the *Krakowiak*, the *Concerto in F minor*, the *Airs Polonais*, and the *Concerto in E minor*, all pieces with grand orchestra; without counting the trios for piano, violin, and violoncello, and other less important compositions. This was his *début*; and although science after that time must have developed in him new resources, we can not think that his inspiration has ever taken a higher flight, was ever purer and more original, than in some of these compositions, especially the *Concerto in F minor*,

(op. 21.) This concerto was written a few months before that in E minor, (op. 11,) and not, as is usually believed, after the latter.

"The pieces of the present collection comprise his whole career till his death. They come, for the greater part, from the papers which his family has gathered after his death; some from the *albums* of his friends; and the remainder were given to us by the composer at different times. In making our choice, we were conscientiously led by the idea which Chopin himself had of his compositions, laying aside all that he considered valueless; on the other hand, we hold all in honor he cared for, even his artistic fancies, which a friendship of twenty-five years has taught us to appreciate. We considered it useful to preserve the respective dates of his compositions, especially to those who intend to study the different phases of the talent of this great artist. Shortly will also appear sixteen melodies to Polish words, which will form the second and last part of his posthumous works.

JULES FONTANA.

"PARIS, May, 1855."

The contents of the eight numbers are as follows: The first contains a *Fantaisie-Improvisation Allegro agitato*, in C sharp minor, from the year 1834, nine folio pages long.

The second: four *mazurkas* from 1835, 1849, 1835, and 1846.

The third, also four *mazurkas*, from 1830, 1827, 1830, and 1849. The last mazurka, a curious chromatic winding, forty measures long, without an end, (*da Capo al Segno senza fine*.) is considered by the editor as the last musical thought of Chopin, which he threw on paper shortly before expiring, but which he could not try on the piano, being already too weak. This is, at last, a real *dernière pensée* of a great master, which may be considered the last respiration of that national Slavie spirit, and that love for his native country which form the principal element of the most original compositions of Chopin.

The fourth and fifth numbers, being five *waltzes*, from the years 1836, 1829, 1835, 1843, 1830.

The sixth number is the largest. It contains three grand *Polonaises*. No. 1, in D minor, eight pages; No. 2, in B flat major; No. 3, in F minor, also eight pages long. They are from the years 1827 to 1829; written, therefore, in the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth years of his life.

In the seventh number we find a *Nocturne* in E minor, (1827;) *Funeral March* in C minor, (1829;) and *Three Ecossaises*, (1830.)

The eighth number contains the *rondo* in C, for two pianos, of which Mr. Fontana speaks in his preface.

The artistic value of all these pieces we must defer speaking of till another time. The most interesting feature of these posthumous works will, doubtless, be the promised *Polish melodies*, as they will show Chopin from a new standpoint. It is quite sure that Chopin has written songs; but hitherto not one has appeared in print. Liszt says about this: "He remained in a sort of musical correspondence with his native country; one brought him new poems to Paris, which, provided with his melodies, went back to his birth-place, and were very soon generally known and admired, without any body being able to tell the name of the composer. As the number of these melodies became quite considerable, he intended, in the later years of his life, to have them gathered and published."

DEATH OF PIERRE ERARD.—The Paris papers report the death of this distinguished manufacturer of harps and pianos. The following is from *Galignani's Messenger*:

In the death of Mr. Erard the musical world has sustained a severe loss. To the genius of his uncle and of himself we owe the present perfection both of the harp and piano; the improvements of which commenced at the end of the last century, when the firm of MM. Erard was founded by Sebastian, the uncle of the deceased, one of the greatest mechanical geniuses that the musical art ever possessed. He found the harp without pedals in its ancient bardic form, and the piano competing doubtfully with the harpsichord; but with his nephew's assistance, he left the former the splendid instrument we now possess, and the latter endowed with a mechanism which may be said to have produced all the wonderful *chefs d'œuvre* of Liszt, Thalberg, and the other great virtuosi of our day. M. Pierre Erard, on the death of his uncle Sebastian, succeeded to the entire management of the establishment; and, under his superintendence, inventions and im-

provements were effected in the harp, and more especially the piano, which, protected by various English and French patents, received the award of seven gold medals, besides the Legion of Honor, which was granted to Sebastian Erard in 1827, and to M. Pierre Erard in 1834. The organ erected by Sebastian in the chapel of the Tuileries in 1829, destroyed by the mob in 1830, and re-erected by M. Pierre Erard, is a monument of their persevering and inventive genius; by an entirely original improvement (lately imitated to some degree, by the Austro-Italian phonochromic organ in the Exhibition) the utmost degree of expression can be given by the fingers of the performer on this instrument, while in all pre-existing organs, the only imperfect source of expression was the pressure of the foot of the performer upon the "swell." The pedal piano is another improvement lately invented by M. Pierre Erard; who was raised to the grade of *Officier de la Légion d'Honneur* in 1851, and received the sole Council medal from the jury of the Great London Exhibition of that year, having been declared beyond competition at the Paris Exhibition in 1849, and member of their jury. To him the whole of the great improvements in the tone and stability of the piano are due. In his private character, M. Pierre Erard was liberal, kind, and amiable; the ready friend and benefactor of all real artists, whether French or foreign, and universally esteemed as the father of his workmen; how well this title was deserved, was perhaps best indicated by the appearance of all his various *employés* and all the musical notabilities now in Paris yesterday at his funeral. In the churches of Passy and the Petits Pères very handsome catafalques were erected, and upwards of 800 workmen and *employés* attended the mournful *cortège* on foot, and with not less than fifty mourning and private carriages containing the most distinguished artists and the *élite* of the musical circles in Paris, with a long list of private friends. It proceeded, after the service at Passy, to the church of the Petits Pères, where a service was performed, and thence to Père-la-Chaise, where funeral orations were pronounced by Baron Taylor, M. Fétis, M. Adolphe Adam, and others; among them a few heartfelt and touching sentences by an *employé*, in the name of the assembled workmen. M. Erard had purchased the Château de la Muette, at Passy, a favorite residence of Queen Marie Antoinette, and resided there at the period of his death. He has left a very large fortune to his widow and sister, the Countess of St. Andrea (widow of the celebrated composer Spontini), who are almost his only surviving near relatives. M. Erard has left no children.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 15, 1855.

The Piano-Forte.

The article translated from the German on our first page tells some sharp truths, although its tone is somewhat splenetic and one-sided, visiting upon the instrument itself the sins of those who have tried to make too much of it. Because the fleet-fingered, wonder-working virtuosos have sought through the Piano merely to astonish, where the proper end of music is to please, to give expression to the feelings; because they would fain make its key-board speak through all its length at once, and do the work of a whole orchestra,—are we to forget its humbler and more genuine services to Music? Are we to forget that there are such works as BEETHOVEN'S Sonatas, MENDELSSOHN'S *Lieder ohne Worte*, CHOPIN'S fiery inspirations and delicate dreams of sentiment, and so many products of the purest poetry of sound, written expressly for the

piano, inspired in most cases by the piano, as the fingers, wandering over its keys, have wooed from them pregnant response to thoughts and feelings in the player's soul? Who shall say that much of the purest essence of musical thought, the choicest wine of musical inspiration, is not found in such works, written for and discoursed from the vibrating strings of the Piano?

To say that the Piano gives you something of everything in all kinds of music, but not the whole of anything, that it rather sketches and suggests than fills out and realizes great effects of harmony, and so forth, is not necessarily a reproach. There is a point of view, from which this very property of the Piano, this universal, or vulgarly speaking, *Jack-of-all-trades* serviceableness, becomes a very valuable virtue. In a piece of music, we are to consider not *effect* only, but also *intrinsic character*. The latter indeed should be placed always first; it is the essence of the thing; the intrinsic character of a composition remains unchanged whether it be played on one instrument or on another, whether it be perfectly or imperfectly performed, whether it be fully brought out and realized with all possible effectiveness to the sense, the ear, or only sketched to the understanding so as to convey the idea of its whole possible effect to the sympathetic soul, that meets its intention half-way, and only so can truly enter into the spirit of a composition, be it ever so sensuously, vividly or grandly rendered. It is this intrinsic character of the composition, this musico-poetic form and meaning, which the intelligent listener wants chiefly to get at. He can spare some breadth, some large sonority, some richness of orchestral coloring, some sensuous satisfactoriness of tone, if he can only get at the essential characteristic of the work, trace it back to where it sprung from the composer's mind, find the vital Beethoven or Mozart in it, and make intimate, intelligent acquaintance with that, with the beauty of the design, with the spirit and tendency of the work, the real value of its subject, the logical, artistic unity of the whole as it develops into the "express image" of the thought that prompted it. Now it is just here that the Piano-forte becomes invaluable. If it cannot sing, if it cannot prolong and swell a tone, if it cannot do the duty of an orchestra, if there is a limit set both to the volume and the brilliancy and the duration of its sounds, which, somewhat angrily awakened by percussion, explode and lose their being almost instantaneously—still it can give you such a sketch of any, the largest composition, that you may perceive and feel its design as you may that of a great painting through an outline engraving.

To a partial extent, a practised reader may gather the character and merit of a composition from the printed score. But still the ear craves to actually hear something. The imagined tones are tantalizing till they become embodied and are heard. And there is musical tone enough in a good piano to aid the imagination most essentially in this process, and thoroughly to quicken the perception of that residing in the music which may not be heard. To amateurs, to those who are but very partially musicians, in a word to the great class of music-lovers, it is an inestimable help to the understanding and enjoying of a great symphony or overture, to try it over in the intervals of public performance on the piano at home. No matter how thin the arrangement, one will thus seize on the essential features, and make

them doubly his own, fix them in the memory, so that he will know what he is listening to the next time he hears the orchestra.

The Piano is a convenient master-key to all the treasures of Music. It enables you to bring them all home to you, without waiting for the rare and remote chances of having them displayed before you in all the breadth and brilliancy of a complete performance. It gives them on a reduced scale to be sure, in miniature, yet so that you can find out what they are. As princes marry by seeing the portraits of their brides, so through the medium of the Piano, by a mere bungling reading, even, which cannot be called playing, you may soon find out how far you can fall in love with a famed far-off miracle of the Art.

Thus "Well-known's" objection to the Piano-forte on the score of its tempting facility for shallow imitation of all kinds of music, though not without its truth, still overlooks a large part of the whole truth. In condemning the abuse of a thing, let us not forget its use. We have here seen one great use of our much abused parlor instrument. When we add the real musical satisfaction of hearing legitimate Piano music played upon it, compositions which do not at all fall into the category of the virtuoso school, but which belong to the pure poetry of the Art; when we add its beautiful accompaniment to the voice, whereby a SCHUBERT may invest a melody with more characteristic, genial, sympathetic clothing, than he could do by any other instrumental mechanism, except on the large scale; when we consider the means of expression contained in its infinite shades of accent, of loud and soft, and its coöperation with our most sensitive and subtle faculty of *touch*, whereby the soul, musically excited, shoots its volitions to the fingers' ends with lightning-like rapidity, and with nice fidelity to every shade of energy of impulse; when we consider *all* the uses and properties of the Piano, there certainly does seem to be enough good and legitimate about it left to offset all the mischief done to Music by the whole dazzling crowd of modern virtuosos. While BEETHOVEN remains, are we to judge the Piano only by the Lisztian standard? Rather let us comfort ourselves that THALBERG and LISZT seem to have reached the extreme in their direction, and that Piano-playing henceforth, in order to make progress, must come back to the starting-point of truth and nature, and begin again with a more modest aim and method. This opens a train of speculation in which we may indulge hereafter.

THE FLUTE.—The numerous amateurs of this sweet instrument will peruse with interest a pamphlet of some fifty pages, by A. G. BADGER, one of the leading flute manufacturers in New York. It is an "Illustrated History of the Flute," and contains, 1. a history of the steps by which the ordinary flute has reached its present state; 2. an examination into the causes of its imperfections, and a statement of the principles on which flutes are constructed; 3. what has been effected by the Boehm flute. Although we cannot agree with the writer that "the tones of the flute have always been considered superior to any other instrument," that they "have the nearest approach to the human voice," &c., yet there can be no question of its great importance. Mr. Badger tells his story well.

Local.

CARL BERGMANN, as our readers will be pleased to know, is to pass the coming season in Boston. He is

engaged as conductor by the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY, who are to give a series of Oratorio and Symphony concerts on Sunday evenings in the Tremont Temple. "St. Paul" and "Elijah" are the oratorios spoken of. Mr. ECKHARDT is to be orchestral leader and Mr. BABCOCK organist.

Mr. BERGMANN is also invited to conduct the first concert and rehearsals of the Philharmonic Society in New York, which he may do without interfering with his duties here, and we have strong hopes that there will be a grand orchestra organized under his direction for Symphony concerts in the Boston Music Hall, upon a footing that will insure success.

MR. GUSTAV SATTER, the talented Pianist, gave a farewell concert, before proceeding to Philadelphia, in the Tremont Temple, on Wednesday evening, assisted by a pupil, Miss JOSSELYN, who played with him on the Piano, and by HERT JUNGNIKEL, the violoncellist.

THE HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY and the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY have both commenced their weekly rehearsals, with CARL ZERRAHN as conductor. The former society have taken up Handel's "Solomon," an oratorio never produced here, to our knowledge.

NEW YORK. PARODI and STRAKOSCH have given several more concerts.—Mlle. VESTVALI, on the eve of her departure to Mexico, gave a concert this week, assisted by Sig. BERNARDI, Sig. CERESIO, (a new tenor, much applauded), WILLIAM MASON, the Pianist, and HERT SCHREIBER, the famous cornet-player.—The PYNE and HARRISON troupe still play at Niblo's.

Music Abroad.

England.

This is the year of Musical Festivals, which come round triennially. The reports of those at Hereford and Birmingham fill column upon column of the *Times* and other newspapers. Our summary must be brief.

The 132d festival of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester, commenced Tuesday, Aug. 21st. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings were devoted to sacred music at the Cathedral, and the three evenings to secular concerts at the Shire-hall, the whole winding up with a grand full dress ball on Friday evening. The attendance generally was larger than ever, to the joy of clergymen's widows and orphans dependent on that charity. The orchestra, selected from the bands of the Italian Opera and Philharmonic Society, numbered near sixty of the best musicians. The choral force was drawn from the cathedral choirs of Hereford, Gloucester and Worcester, and the choral societies of those places and of Liverpool. The principal vocalists were Madame Grisi, Madame Clara Novello, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Moss, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Mario, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. H. Barnby, and Mr. Weiss. Miss Moss and Mr. Barnby are local artists; the latter being of the Hereford Cathedral choir.

Of the first morning's performances the *Daily News* says:

This morning dawned most auspiciously. At 11 o'clock the great bell of the old cathedral called the people to prayer.

The opening between the nave and the choir being completely filled up by a temporary screen, the nave appeared to be a complete building in itself, and none of the sound of the music was lost in the choir. The orchestra extended from the screen nearly down to the floor. The service was intoned by the Rev. Mr. Goss.

Instead of the "Esther" overture, which has been used almost immemorially to open these festivals, we had that to Spohr's "Last Judgment," which was finely played. The pieces, responses, and chant to the *Venite* were, as usual, by Tallis; but the psalms were chanted to a new chant by Mr. Townshend Smith, which was much admired. Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* went off exceedingly well.

The "Jubilate" was a new one composed expressly for this festival by Mr. Townshend Smith. It is good throughout, and of a thoroughly ecclesiastical school.

After the third collect we had the chorus "The heavens are telling," and trio (Mrs. Weiss, Mr. M. Smith, and Mr. Weiss), from Haydn's "Creation;" and before the

sermon was introduced the 98th Psalm—a work by Mendelssohn, which, we believe, has not been performed before in this country. It commences with an unaccompanied chorus for eight voices, and is particularly adapted for the cathedral and the occasion. At the words "Praise the Lord with harp," that instrument (by Mr. Trant) is introduced, and also the full band, which, however, pretty well overpowered David's instrument. The work is not too long.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. P. Hopton, who took for his text Isaiah 55, v. 1.—"Ho, every one that thirsteth."

The "Hallelujah" chorus from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" brought the first morning's performance of sacred music to a close.

Of the concert in the evening GRISI and MARIO were the great attraction, who sang *Casta Diva*, *Il mio tesoro*, the duet *Mira la bianca luna*, and in the trio from *Lucrezia Borgia*. There were also Clara Novello, Sims Reeves, and other singers; there were overtures by Weber and Bennett; there were madrigals and ballads, and there was much ado about an infant phenomenon pianist, Master Arthur Napoleon, who played Thalberg's *Moise* fantasia. One is a type of all these miscellaneous evening concerts. Of them the *Musical World* says:

The same old fashioned miscellaneous jumble presents itself as at the London concerts in or out of season. Miss Clara Novello sings "Ocean thou mighty monster"—as usual; Mr. Weiss sings his own "Village Blacksmith," to which he is naturally attached—as usual; Miss Dolby sings "Over the sea," on whose "azure brow," so far as she is concerned, "time writes no wrinkles"—as usual; duets from *Linda di Chamouni*, *Roberto Devereux*, etc., ballads worried to death, sentimental arias, tender trios and quartets, which have seen their best days, indeed, constitute, as usual, the staple commodity of the programmes. Hereford, however, is a long way from London, and the people of North Wales are not supposed to be *blasés*, like your metropolitan music-hunters.

Wednesday was the *Elijah* day. The audience was very large, and the cathedral was surrounded by people anxiously listening to catch at intervals the sound of voices and of instruments—nine out of ten of whom, says the *Times*, might have been seated inside in the galleries, but for the foolish system of exclusive, aristocratic prices. The execution of the oratorio is pronounced satisfactory in the main. To Mr. Weiss was allotted the part of the prophet, and Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Moss, Sims Reeves, and Mr. M. Smith, assisted in the principal *solis*. The *News* says there was general disappointment in Mario's rendering of "If with all your hearts," which was "without pathos or feeling." On the contrary the *Times* says:

Mario sang the recitative and air, "If with all your hearts" for the first time, and gave such unqualified satisfaction that he was compelled to repeat it. His pronunciation of the words was clear and emphatic.

The other encores (at the customary instigation of the Bishop) were awarded to the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes" (Madame Novello, Mrs. Weiss, and Miss Dolby); "O rest in the Lord" (by Miss Dolby); and "Then shall the righteous," by Mr. Sims Reeves—all fine performances, the last especially, which could not be surpassed in fervor and devotional simplicity of expression. On the whole the oratorio of *Elijah* has seldom been heard to more advantage in a church and as seldom been more entirely appreciated. Mr. Townsend Smith was conductor, and Mr. Arnott, of Gloucester, at the organ.

The second concert was attended by "about 450 fashionables." The overtures were *Egmont* and *Tell*. Reeves sang Beethoven's *Adelaide*; Clara Novello sang Mozart's *Deh vieni*; Mme. Weiss, his *Dove sono*; Grisi, *Bell'raggio*. Mendelssohn's *Loreley* fragment, Bellini's quartet: *A te o cara*, a finale from *Euryanthe*, and lighter miscellany, made out the programme, which was followed by a ball.

The *Standard* gives the programme of Thursday morning:

It consisted of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," Spohr's sacred cantata, "The Christian's Prayer," and Mozart's "Twelfth Service." At the commencement of the second part also was played an overture (*St. Polycarp*) not generally known in the musical world. It is written by the Rev. F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., precentor of Hereford Cathedral, and successor to Sir H. Bishop, at Oxford. Before Mozart's service, we had Luther's hymn most devotionally sung by Clara Novello. The introduction of the trumpet by Harper at the words,

"The trumpet sounds," produced a thrilling effect, and altogether this hymn produced the deepest sensation. Sims Reeves also sang (between the oratorios) the air, "Sound an alarm," from *Judas Maccabaeus*.

The "Christian's Prayer" is quite new in this part of the country, though it was performed at the Norwich festival in 1836. It is the first work written by Spohr for voices and instruments.

The *Times* remarks on the performance of the Mozart's Mass:

This very lengthy and interesting performance, which had begun with a grand piece of Protestant music, finished with one essentially Roman Catholic, in the shape of Mozart's Twelfth Mass (in Latin) called "service" in the programmes, but not the less a mass for all that. Not very long ago this innovation would on no account be tolerated; but the public has gradually become more liberal, and now consents to believe that the Catholic masses of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, like the Protestant oratorios and psalms of Mendelssohn and Spohr, may be admired for their musical beauties alone, irrespective of their connexion with religious doctrine and forms of worship. We can only add that the solos in the mass (which is familiar and easy to the band and chorus) were sung to perfection by Madame Grisi, Miss Dolby, Signor Mario, and Mr. Weiss; and that the audience were thoroughly enchanted with the performance.

Of the third and last concert the features were the overture and vocal selections from *Der Freyschütz*; *Qui la voce*, (twice) by Grisi; Mendelssohn's "First Violet," (twice) by Miss Dolby; March and Chorus from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens"; Mozart's Symphony in E flat; Mendelssohn's *Rondo brillante*, played by Master Napoleon "in a manner as surprisingly genial and spirited as it was mechanically imperfect," &c. &c.,—a long string of ballads, Italian arias and duets, concluding with "God save the Queen," for which some claim a Hereford origin, maintaining that it was composed by old Dr. John Bull, organist of Hereford Cathedral long ago.

Friday morning brought the musical solemnities to a worthy close with Handel's "Messiah." There were 1,111 persons present in the cathedral. The singers (whose performances in the same oratorio have been over and over again described) were Mme. Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Moss, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Montem Smith—all English, and all thoroughly conscientious, where Handel's music is in question.

The Birmingham Festival we must defer to next week.

Germany.

LEIPZIG.—A rumor is abroad that Herr Schleinitz (active) Director of the "Conservatorium," has resigned his office, which creates no little sensation among the teachers and members of the Academy, by whom he is much respected. He has directed the affairs of the institution since the death of Mendelssohn, of whom he was an intimate friend, and who appointed him to the post.

The Stadt Theater will shortly again be thrown open to the public. The construction of the heating apparatus is progressing, and the lessee, Herr Wisning, is travelling in search of an entirely new troupe of singers and actors. Herr Riccius, up to the present time conductor of the Enterpe concerts, which after the Gewandhaus are the best, has been engaged as *Kapellmeister*. The Gewandhaus concert season is expected to commence this season, as usual, in the beginning of October. Miss Arabella Goddard is engaged for at least one concert.

BERLIN.—The Royal Opera-house has been reopened, but for ballets only, twice a week, until the 11th inst., when the regular season will commence. The interior of the house has undergone some extensive alterations, the parquet being enlarged by the addition of 500 places.

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